# Interlude

written by

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**EXT. STREET. DUSK**

**EVIE** (25, an empathetic woman weighed down by years spent growing up) is hesitating, her feet stopping. One of her feet turns back. Slowly, she walks in the opposite direction. The walk turns into a sprint. She is full on running.

**EXT. CHURCH DRIVEWAY. DAY**

EVIE walks down the short driveway. She is in deep coloured clothes and bears a rather solemn expression contrary to her usual bright self.

Subdue chattering is heard as she gets closer to the church. People are seen hovering around the entrance gate and driveway. Everyone is in various shades of black. She weaves her way in-between them, trying to get to the reception. She nods at someone in passing.

EVIE then sees **JORDAN** (25, sharp and poised, just the right amount of nonchalance) talking to someone. She hasn't seen her in 8 years. EVIE walks over before thinking.

EVIE
Jordan.

JORDAN turns halfway, feeling a gaze on her. Their eyes meet.

**FLASHBACK:**

**INT. EVIE'S ROOM. DAY. 8 YEARS AGO**

JORDAN and EVIE are both in EVIE's bedroom. It is messy but cozy. Blue is found everywhere, on the walls as posters, on the desk, on her bed. They look starkly different from their present selves: their features softer, bare-faced, and in their uniforms.

JORDAN is sitting on the bed. Sketchbook in hand, she sketches EVIE. She looks up from time to time, focused. EVIE is on the floor, doing a piece of Math homework lazily. A book she was reading lies face down on the bed.

JORDAN
Don't move.

EVIE
Let me see, Jordy.

EVIE forgets about her work, crawls onto bed and grabs the sketchbook. She sits down next to JORDAN and stares at it for

a while. JORDAN looks at her expectantly but tries to play it off.

EVIE
(jokingly)
This is so ugly.

JORDAN
That's on you.

JORDAN attempts to get the sketchbook back but EVIE keeps it out of reach. She smiles impishly at JORDAN. Then she tears the sketch off and sticks it onto her bed frame. There are other sketches of things, places, people done by JORDAN on the frame.

JORDAN scoots over and throws an arm over EVIE. EVIE skims the sketch with the tips of her fingers.

JORDAN
...It looks okay, right?

EVIE looks at her like she's crazy.

EVIE
Not just okay, Jordy. You're the best artist I've ever met.

JORDAN
I'm the only artist you know.

EVIE
(laughs)
That's not the point. You'll be famous one day, trust me.

JORDAN stays deep in thought, in doubt. EVIE pulls her closer.

EVIE
I'll make ten movies about you to make sure it happens, okay?

JORDAN
Just ten?

EVIE
Five if you ask again.

JORDAN finally cracks a smile. She pushes EVIE away playfully.

**EXT. CHURCH DRIVEWAY. DAY**

The pair is leaning against the gates at the end of the driveway, opposite from each other. EVIE tries her hardest not to stare.

EVIE
(feigning casualness)
So...you're back.

JORDAN
Yeah, looks like I am.

EVIE
For Stephanie?

JORDAN
Yes, in a way. I was only going to stay until last week originally. After getting-
(purses her lips)
the news, I'm staying for one more week.

EVIE
(nods)
Ah, yeah, that makes sense.

EVIE is fidgeting, not completely comfortable. On the other hand, JORDAN looks relatively composed.

EVIE
...So, uh, about your exhibition last year. I remember really liking it, especially the ceramic exhibit...I've never really seen you do anything like that before. You were always drawing.

JORDAN raises an eyebrow, suppressing a smile. EVIE catches onto the expression and flushes red.

EVIE
No, they sent it to the group chat! They always do. At least Alex always does...

JORDAN
(snorts)
You don't gotta be so embarrassed about stalking me.

EVIE
I'm not embarrassed! I was going to congratulate you, first official exhibition of your life and all. And it was good! It was really good...I loved it.

JORDAN lets out a low laugh, amused.

JORDAN
It was *Blue*.
(EVIE cocks her head a little, confused)
The theme of the exhibition. The ceramic you liked was the one of my hand. It was the only sculpture I had there.

EVIE
Oh.
(swallows)
Well, I should have been there, then.

JORDAN looks down onto the floor, kicking at some loose rocks.

JORDAN
You're probably plenty busy as an editor anyway.

EVIE
*Magazine* editor, yeah.

JORDAN
So how's it like?

EVIE
It's cool...
(hesitant)
...it's pretty fun and I'm leading some projects, but-

JORDAN listens to her attentively and waits for her to continue.

EVIE
...But how'd you know?
(jokingly)
Talk about being a stalker.

JORDAN
(sarcastic)
Yeah, right, some stalker...Alex told me, actually.

EVIE
What else did he say?
(chuckles)
Kinda unfair that you know so much and I don't know anything about you now.

What EVIE said seems to make JORDAN realise the distance between them. She shuffles.

**FLASHBACK:**

**INT. JORDAN'S KITCHEN. NIGHT. 8 YEARS AGO**

A lone light in the kitchen is turned on. The counter is cluttered with seasoning, pots and pans. It's a peaceful and slow night of doing nothing.

The girls have gotten takeout. The piping hot meal is on top of a glass table. A white, laced asian-style table cloth is thrown over it. As EVIE throws away trash, she sees an almost-new envelope in the bin. She picks it up. It reads JORDAN's name and is from UAL.

EVIE
You're leaving.

JORDAN turns around from the table to see EVIE holding the envelope. She sighs and takes it from her, throwing it back into the bin.

EVIE
What? Don't throw it away-

JORDAN
Relax, Ev, the letter's in my room.
(pause)
And I'm not going anyway.

EVIE
(incredulous)
...What? Isn't it your- Jordan, we talked about this. Haven't you been working for this your whole life, literally?

JORDAN
I just don't wanna anymore.

EVIE
You can't just say that.

JORDAN
I'm not going, Evie, let it go.

EVIE
What about all the work you've done? All that time you spent on your portfolio...on drawing, drawing me, creating- you can't tell me you don't want to go to art school and expect me to believe this crap, Jordan.

JORDAN
There are things in life other than making art that I also care about, 'kay? Christ.

JORDAN turns away, busying herself. EVIE looks a little sad. She wants to say something but doesn't. She stares at JORDAN's turned back, fidgeting.

JORDAN
...Why'd you want me to leave so much?

EVIE
That's not what I meant, Jordan.

JORDAN throws her hands up and turns in anger.

JORDAN
But I should go. I should leave and go to London for, I don't know, five fucking years. That's what you're saying.

EVIE
No, Jordan, I never asked you to leave, I couldn't- It's just... you shouldn't pass this up for anything.

JORDAN
Have I done something? Is it cause' 11 years feels way too fucking long now?

EVIE
What? Where'd you even get that idea-

JORDAN
It certainly doesn't sound like you want me to be around.

EVIE
This world is huge, Jordan. Maybe you'll find some place else that makes you feel like you could stay for a long time. Like you fit in. This isn't about us or me, Jordy, it's about you.

JORDAN gets closer, her gaze excruciating. She looks disappointed, almost desperate.

JORDAN
Why can't it be about you too? What do *you* want, Evie?

Their faces are close, centimetres away. EVIE holds her gaze, equally unyielding. Her lips tremble.

JORDAN
You don't understand. Maybe we're not the same.

EVIE doesn't say anything to that. Given the response, JORDAN quickly takes her cup and leaves the kitchen.

**EXT. CHURCH DRIVEWAY. DAY**

JORDAN
What do you wanna know then? Don't have to ask Alex anymore now that I'm here.

EVIE
Oh um, on the spot, wow. I don't know. I've always thought about what I would ask if I ever see you again but now...

JORDAN
Shoot. I'll be honest.

EVIE
Okay. Well, I guess about uni. Wanna know if you liked UAL. And maybe...
(clears throat)
I don't know, did you meet anyone?

JORDAN raises her eyebrows again at the question. EVIE makes an expectant face, to which JORDAN grins lightly at.

**FLASHBACK:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS. DAY. 8 YEARS AGO**

A young JORDAN and EVIE laugh as they run wildly in an empty park, flinging their cardigans and school bags down. They weave in and out, bumping into each other and then going apart.

JORDAN (V.O.)
(scoffs)
So nosy, Evie. No, I haven't met anyone.

EVIE (V.O.)
What, no one in 8 years?

JORDAN (V.O.)
Don't think anyone can tolerate me for long anyway.

EVIE (V.O.)
(laughs)
I mean, we've been together for 11 years, up until high school. That's long.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

EVIE sobers up. Her smile fades. The two look at anywhere but each other.

JORDAN
(slightly dazed)
Yeah.
(pauses)
Yeah, maybe just you.

**INT. CHURCH. AFTERNOON**

The sun sets outside glass-stained windows. The guests are all seated as they listen to Stephanie's boyfriend, CAM (26), recounts his days with Stephanie.

CAM
...And then I tried to push her off the chair again, because obviously, she pushed me first so...
(soft laughs among the guests)
Not too hard, of course. But she fell off her chair in the middle of the

hall and everyone looked at us. I still remember how she looked at me then. Pissed, and..

CAM folds up the piece of script in his hands.

CAM
...Laughing. I'm glad I remember her from that day. And maybe that's what counts. All the small moments you get with each other coming together to form the big piece that never really goes away.

CAM smiles softly. The audience is teary. A hymn plays.

**EXT. CHURCH CARPARK. AFTERNOON**

The funeral has ended. Everyone is outside, exchanging hugs and words. JORDAN comes out and gives Stephanie's family her condolences once again.

EVIE walks up and does the same.

**EXT. CHURCH'S ROAD. AFTERNOON**

JORDAN is huddled together with some other people along the road outside the church. She's catching the train back home. The group bids each other goodbye.

EVIE stands next to the group, overhearing. She taps on her phone, preparing to call an Uber. JORDAN comes up to her.

JORDAN
(obvious hesitation)
Hey, so guess I'll see you around?

EVIE tries to hide her disappointment.

EVIE
Before you leave, hopefully. Take care.

JORDAN purses her lips and nods. She turns and leaves.

**EXT. STREET. AFTERNOON**

The way to the station is quiet; the day is winding down. JORDAN has her earphones in as she walks.

**EXT. STREET. EVENING**

EVIE's feet hit the ground rhythmically. It is the same scene from the beginning.

**EXT. STREET NEAR TRAIN STATION. EVENING.**

JORDAN has almost reached the station. Some street lights lit up the place. The street is void of people.

Footsteps behind her. It grows closer. Someone is running towards JORDAN.

She finally notices. She takes off one side of her earphones, turns around as she hears-

EVIE
Jordy!

JORDAN widens her eyes.

JORDAN
Evie.

EVIE stops, one step away from JORDAN, heaving. Suddenly, they look 17 again.

EVIE
Hey, how am I supposed to see you around if I don't have your number?

JORDAN stills, then laughs.

JORDAN
Wow, Ev.

EVIE
So?

JORDAN
You already got it.
(pauses as she sees Evie trying to understand)
I never changed the number.

EVIE faces JORDAN, still processing. Finally, she understands. She takes a breath.

EVIE
You should stay a little longer before you go again.

JORDAN looks taken aback. Then her face smoothens out.

JORDAN
Sure. Sure I can.

EVIE
Oh. Cool. Good.

JORDAN huffs a laugh. Then turns around and starts walking. **Credits start on screen.**

JORDAN
Come on, let's go.

EVIE
...To the station together?

JORDAN
Yeah.

EVIE jogs a little to catch up to JORDAN, and JORDAN obviously slows down her own pace.

**END.**